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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

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QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HER FIRST

CONCERT

Will take place at the above rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, the 27th inst., at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists:

Mdlle. PAREPA and Miss JULIA ELTON,  
Madame HELEN PERCY, Miss JANE COOK, and Mrs. CAMPBELL BLACK.  
Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. HENRY PERKES,  
and Mr. WEISS.

Instrumentalists:

Mr. GEORGE B. ALLEN, Mr. FREDERICK CHATTERTON,  
and Mdlle. MARIOT de BEAUVOISIN.

Conductors:

Mr. GEORGE B. ALLEN, Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER,  
and Signor RANDEGGER.

Mr. Allen's Popular Cantata, "HARVEST HOME," will be performed; the solos by PAREPA, JULIA ELTON, WILBYE COOPER, and WEISS.

Tickets: Reserved, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s. To be had of Cramer, 201 Regent Street; Davison, 244 Regent Street; Metzler, Great Marlboro' Street; all the principal music-sellers; and of Mrs. Campbell Black, 7 Well Walk, Hampstead.

## OPERATIC ACADEMY.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER, Composer of the Operas "Ruy Blas," "Once too Often," "Amina," the Cantatas "Tam o' Shanter," "Comala," &c., respectfully announces that he has OPENED AN ACADEMY for the STUDY and PRACTICE of OPERATIC MUSIC. Students, besides private instruction, will have the advantage of practising together, rehearsing occasionally upon the stage of one of our Metropolitan theatres, and when sufficiently advanced of taking part in public performances. They will thus acquire a complete knowledge of all the standard operas with the dialogue, recitatives, concerted pieces, and stage business (so embarrassing to novices), which, as we have no regular provincial opera houses, it would be impossible for them to gain by any other means. The success which attended the Musical and Dramatic Academy, which Mr. Howard Glover instituted in conjunction with his mother, the late celebrated actress, some years ago, affords him reasonable ground for the belief that, with increased experience, he may again be honored with the confidence of the musical world. The study of Oratorios will also form a part of the course of instruction, and the advantages of the school will be open to efficient amateurs as to professional students. Terms 10 guineas per quarter (exclusive of the hire of music), paid in advance. A fee of half-a-guinea charged for trying the voice, and giving professional opinion. There will also be classes for the study of the Italian, French and German languages, a knowledge of which is so important to the musical artist. All applications to be made, in the first instance by letter, addressed to Mr. Howard Glover, at Messrs. Duncan Davison's Music Warehouse, 244 Regent-street.

## "DI GIOJA INSOLITA."

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI will sing STRAKOSCH'S Popular Waltz, "DI GIOJA INSOLITA," in the Lesson Scene of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, at the Royal Italian Opera, on the grand extra night.

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23 HOLLES STREET,

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## GRÉTRY.\*

"You are a musician," said Voltaire to Grétry, "and yet you are a clever man! This is too unusual for me not to take the liveliest interest in you." It has never been possible to reproach great composers with being deficient in wit—it is sufficient to cite those now alive—and Voltaire's epigram proves only one fact: In his time, as at present, there were plenty of persons who would talk at random on any subject. "But could any one say to Grétry: You are a clever man, and yet you appear to be desirous of proving the philosopher of Ferney in the wrong: You are one of the best French composers, and yet it is about your art that you talk strange nonsense." We will now proceed to give an explanation of this contradiction, and then enter into an examination of some principles developed by Grétry, and adopted by him as his guides in opera.

The first volume of his *Mémoires, ou Essais sur la Musique*, was originally published in 1789. He says he wrote it only as a relaxation from his usual kind of work. He has set down in it whatever a sentiment of art revealed to him while he was composing, and he considered all the more strongly that it was his duty to do so, because, a hundred times, he had felt inclined to take up the pen "when a thousand pamphlets upon music fomented dissensions among artists much more than they advanced the progress of art." He wished to leave his manuscript to his children, but his friends urged him to publish it at once, on account of the useful principles contained in it, and because, speaking incessantly of his art, and communicating unreservedly his ideas in conversation, he ran the risk of appearing after the lapse of twenty years nothing but a plagiarist.

It is the first volume which is the most valuable. We find in it a historical sketch of Grétry when a youth, details concerning his operas, and explanations of the principles he followed in musical composition. In the two other volumes, published in 1797 (*Pluviôse, Year V.*), he proposed to develop, at greater length, his ideas upon the music of the stage. Being convinced that an exact acquaintance with the human heart is indispensable to a dramatic composer, he desired to spare young artists the trouble of going through and reflecting on a large number of books, and, at the same time, to furnish them with a theory on the musical expression of character and passion. He felt convinced that to produce at the outset a lyrical masterpiece a composer of talent need only have studied harmony and the fugue, and have read his (Grétry's) treatise.† That Grétry was endowed with great delicacy of feeling and judgment is a fact which the first page we open of his scores will prove; but it is no less true that, if we cut out all the repetitions, useless assertions, and common-places from his *Mémoires*, especially the last two volumes, we should have only a very slender stock of just and sensible remarks left. The first cause of his errors was his exceedingly weak constitution. Ever since the age of fifteen, he was subject to spit blood, and this infirmity was only provoked or increased by the labor of musical composition. Not wishing to give up his favorite occupation, he was obliged to observe, all his life, a severe regimen, which enabled him to attain an advanced age (72), but did not free him from his attacks of hemorrhage and his morbid susceptibility. This was so much the case that he could not bear great heat any more than north winds, or read aloud for five minutes.

He gives us his last two volumes as the result of six years' work. He asserts that he has reflected for a long time upon the musical system, but adds that he has pursued no study save that of the human heart; that he has followed his instinct alone in reasoning upon the passions, and that it is most frequently by natural inspiration, rather than by erudition, that he has spoken of physical and moral causes and their effects. Now, when a man has done nothing all his life except turn his attention to the practice of musical composition, it is not sufficient for him, if he would solve the most difficult problems of art, to pass a few years of his old age in reasoning "by instinct," in a very delicate state of health, especially when heavy domestic woes, such as the successive deaths of his three daughters, help other things in robbing him of his calm serenity of mind. His morbid irritability was also the principal cause of a fact which will be remarked through his entire work; it is almost impossible for him to entertain a correct idea without spoiling it by exaggerations, of which we should suppose only the most ignorant or the most foolish person capable. To find proofs of this, it would be sufficient for us to open his book at random; we will select one instance, not because it is the strongest, but because it is one of the most curious. His fundamental principle when composing for the voice was to follow the inflexions of spoken declamation. But, having discovered that an expressive air may be written without words, and that very appropriate ones may afterwards be supplied, he predicted a complete revolution in opera, a revolution of which he obtained the

first idea from Haydn's symphonies. "A hundred times," he says, "I have suggested for these symphonies the words they appear to require."

The following is what he proposed. The author should at first versify only the words of the recitative, and write in prose those of all pieces of measured singing. The musician should write his work for the orchestra alone, drawing his inspiration from the general meaning of the words. When the symphonic score is completed, it should be performed, and those portions which do not obtain the approbation of the audience be re-written. A second trial should then be made. After each piece, the author should read the words to enable those present to judge whether the music is in keeping with them. Then only the vocal portions and the verses should be considered. All the instrumental parts should serve in turn, when required, to furnish the vocal part. I leave Grétry the task of explaining the advantages possessed by this new system. If he did not put it in practice himself, the reason was, he informs us, "because in the case of every composer who has devoted his attention especially to vocal music, a symphony often costs more trouble than the most difficult scene." It is to the composers of instrumental music that he recommends his plan. "I am pointing out to them," he says, "the means of equalling, and, perhaps, surpassing us in dramatic art."

Grétry owns that he has not read many books, but we are not long in discovering that he is imbued with the doctrines of *Emile* and of the *Contrat Social*. He professes, indeed, deep admiration for their author. "Of what good," he inquires, "are our cold moralists, when we can meditate on J. J. Rousseau? His works comprehend the whole system of morals; and although we do not, perhaps, find in them a single idea not known before his time, everything appears new, on account of the correct application of principles." Unfortunately, that which the master could not teach the pupil is that deep moral and religious sentiment which resists all doubts; that energetic and independent individuality which is only more finely tempered by the conflicts in which it engages. Grétry was unable to preserve himself from the contagion of the materialist scepticism of his time, and his ideas offer a strange and often contradictory admixture of the theories of J. J. Rousseau and of those belonging to the school of sensualism. He continually opposes nature to society. "I have never seen," he says, "more than two men; the man who acts according to his own sensations, and the man who acts according to others. The former is always true, even in his errors; the latter is simply the mirror in which are reflected the objects on the stage of the world. Here we have the man of nature, the estimable man, and the man of society."

He defines the man of nature as "one whose only requirements are to provide himself with nourishment, make love, and sleep." "Government," he says again, "forms men's morals.—It is self-love which originated all systems of morality.—Our disposition and our inclinations are the result of our organisation and of the nourishing aliments which keep it up." "Death is the dissolution of our being to form fresh beings. Animals are only machines; they live as though in a continual dream." "The ministers of religion have cast discredit upon its temple; the temple of the Divinity is the entire world, and the most sacred form of worship is that which gives to social order the degree of perfection which God exhibits in his works to us."

After reading hundreds of wearisome pages, possessing no sort of value, we cannot help feeling a sentiment of deep grief on perusing, at the end of the second volume, the account of the death of Grétry's three daughters. When, with a bleeding heart, the unfortunate father has given us a detailed account of his loss, he does not know how to reproach himself for not having taken greater precautions to secure his children's health; he tells us that he experienced a sentiment of mute despair, of concentrated rage, and that he paid "a long tribute to nature" by shedding floods of tears; he informs us that "nothing equals the courage of a woman who loves her husband in her children; that it is like a tontine of love always profiting those who survive." It is, however, impossible for the disciple of J. J. Rousseau to be or to remain a complete materialist and atheist. "Our instinct," he says in his third volume, "is revealed in a sentimental philosophy, which comprises all that truth which we seek with so much trouble." He appears disposed to admit in man an immaterial principle; he recognises the necessity of adoring a supreme and eternal Intelligence, different from the instinct of matter, and directing the universe by general laws. "But," he adds, "am I eternal as Thou art? Alas! I dare to desire it, in order to preserve the hope of returning Thee eternal thanksgiving. Flattering hope! crushing doubts!"

In his continual anxiety to follow nature, Grétry could not turn his attention to search for any other theory of art than that which, despite its want of solidity, was then generally adopted. According to him, the fine arts are only an imitation of nature; even architecture finds the models of its angles, its columns, its architraves, and its buttresses in the hollows of mountains. It is not an exact imitation, in order that art may not be confounded with nature; but "it is a charming falsehood, which presents nature agreeably to us. Truth in the arts consists

\* From the *Brussels Guide Musical*.

† Vol. III., p. 376.



principally in flattering our senses. The object of the arts is to please man; to charm him, and console him in his miseries." The mode in which Grétry had pursued his musical studies was calculated to increase his errors. He changed his master several times, and, on each occasion he did so, had to begin again. He felt persuaded that this was the best system of instruction, and followed it with his daughter Lucile, the authoress of *Le Mariage d'Antonio*. Besides this, treatises on harmony were then lost in mathematical calculations, and offered the composer nothing but arbitrary theories, refuted every moment by practice. Hence the singular notion of obtaining musical beauties by a license, that is to say by the violation of a rule, a notion still to be found in many treatises, when simple good sense tells us that it is the rule which is, of necessity, badly constructed.

Grétry firmly believed it to be "demonstrated" that mathematical science is the first source of harmonic combinations. He determined to give a proof of this himself, and the *naïveté* with which he sets about his task is very curious. If you object that a sonorous body emits only a perfect major chord, he will reply: "The perfect minor chord is deduced from it by analogy."—"But the scales?" you will observe.—"All notes besides those of the perfect chord have been added to fill up the void, like so many which would re-enter the sonorous body."—"But the sonorous body gives out many more notes than those of the perfect chord."—"Your sonorous body can only be cracked (*fêlé*) or badly proportioned."—"But the divisions of a chord give us the seventh and other notes as well."—"Such harmony is too enigmatical to be the base of a system."—"But the scale of the sounds of a horn is the same. All the notes of a horn, except those of the perfect chord, are only a kind of falsetto."—"But the chords?"—"Are all derived from the perfect chord by the addition of accidental notes. The perfect chord is in nature alone." In a word, Grétry stands no more on ceremony in simplifying musical theory, than children do in drawing, when they represent a man's head by one circle, his body by another, and his limbs by so many straight lines. In spite of this, however, he published, in accordance with the ideas developed in the third volume of his *Mémoires*, a *Méthode simple pour apprendre à préluder en peu de temps avec toutes les Ressources de l'Harmonie*. Grétry appears to have been incapable, from his physical and moral constitution, of justly appreciating anything which did not agree with his own ideas on musical expression. In spite of the way in which he recommends the study of the fugue, and in spite of the suggestions he gives for its employment on the stage, he owns that while admiring the fugues of Handel he seeks to find song (*chant*) in them, with the same impatience that a lover seeks his mistress in a thick wood. He says that he cannot long endure the finest organ played by the most skillful organist, and compares this instrument to a monotonous speaker possessing a beautiful voice. He lays it down as a rule that religious music ought to be distinguished for a vague character, in opposition to the precise expression of music which is declaimed, because, he says, "everything, either mystery or revelation, not within the reach of our human comprehension, forces us to feel respect, and, for this reason, excludes all direct expression," as though, because it is religious, music ought to be as incomprehensible as are the dogma of the Trinity and that of the Immaculate Conception. The manner in which he speaks of the various instruments would be sufficient, without his scores, to prove that he did not possess much genius for instrumentation. The method discovered by Erard for swelling and diminishing the sounds of the organ strikes Grétry as being "the philosopher's stone of music," and he believes that the organ will end by replacing in theatres an orchestra of a hundred musicians. One last cause of error consists in the fact that Grétry carried his idea of his own talent to an excessive degree of vanity, which he disguised very little. All criticism appears to have been insupportable to him. "When," he exclaims, "shall we see censors worthy of censuring us? When will Government confide to celebrated men this honorable task as a reward of their labors? Let the first man in each department of art, the one long designated by the voice of the public, be charged with this." Coming from Grétry, such a proposition must cause the most morose reader to smile.

His opinions of Gluck and the music of various countries are more particularly impressed with his tetchy *amour-propre*. Grétry acknowledges that the author of the *Servant Padrona* is his master, and it would be ungracious in him to deny it. But the reader may easily conceive that Grétry, who asserted that he founded musical expression upon declamation above all else, was sensibly displeased by the arrival of Gluck, who based his system on the same principle. Grétry accords Italy melodic originality and "a system of sentimental counterpoint favorable to expression." To Germany he gives harmonic combinations, instrumental music, and elocutionary truth; he adds that the whole force of German genius does not offer us a pathetic air as delectable as those of Sacchini, though this does not prevent him from saying, on another occasion, that Sacchini has no new ideas, and that his songs are vague. As for the French, he treats them as beings essentially frivolous, who have received from nature less aptitude for

music than any other nation. For all this, however, he declares that France gave birth to dramatically-musical art, and that she will one day produce the best musicians, that is to say: such as will be able to employ more judiciously than any others melody as well as harmony in the production of a perfect whole. Contradictions of this kind are usual with Grétry, and too much importance must not be attached to them.

It would be useless to discuss opinions to which Italy, France and Germany are equally justified in objecting. No works are richer in melody than *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*, while nothing is poorer in this respect than nineteen-twentieths of Italian music, on account of the monotony inseparable from the abuse of conventional forms. To put the question as Grétry puts it is only to give full scope to the most arbitrary and the most false assertions. "When I heard the first work by Gluck," says Grétry, "I thought I was interested only by the action of the drama, and said: there is no song. But I was happily undeceived on perceiving that it was the music itself, having become the action, which had moved me." Despite this praise, Grétry asserts that Gluck has not extended the limits of art, but only created a new *genre*, or kind. He thinks Gluck's music badly written for the voice, too much declaimed, and too dramatic; he perceives in it long instances of negligence set off by touches of sublimity; great orchestral labor, and such masculine harmony as does not allow any part of the vocal music to dominate it. He places Philidor side by side with Gluck for power of harmonic expression, and Méhul's duet of *Euphrosine et Conradin* above the finest pieces the latter ever wrote. This is not all. He says that Gluck nearly "crushed him" ("*faillit à l'étouffer*"), and that the career of the composer of *Alceste* might be followed more easily than his own, for: "the orchestra ought to be subordinated to the singing and not the singing to the orchestra, the proof being that Gluck has already been caught and imitated with success by several composers, such as Cherubini, Méhul and Lesueur; but no one will imitate in this way pure and true vocal music." Lastly, he says that: "The Germans have taught the rest of Europe that the support of masculine, rich and abundant harmony bestows a celebrity which comes directly after that given by the creative genius which paints nature, that is to say, declamation noted and transformed into delicious song."

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that Grétry thought himself greater than Gluck, and the greatest composer of his day. The accusation brought against him of being inferior to others as regards harmony and instrumentation, affected Grétry so much that he himself says that in his *Raoul Barbe-Bleue*, *Pierre-le-Grand*, and *Guillaume Tell*, he has endeavored to prove he did not deserve it, while at the same time he preserved his melodious style. He felt persuaded that he succeeded. At the present day, all persons are unanimously of opinion that he was wrong to make the attempt. Grétry speaks of Haydn in terms of high praise, but the name of Mozart is never traced by his pen. Is this the effect of pure ignorance? We would fain believe so, though the task is by no means an easy one. We know that to the question put by Napoleon I. as to what he thought of Mozart and Cimarosa, Grétry replied that Mozart placed the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal upon the stage, while Cimarosa pursued the contrary course. He had evidently made up his mind to reproach the Germans with subordinating vocal music to the orchestra, and not being able to metamorphose declamation into "delicious song."

But we have spoken evil enough of Grétry, although the subject is far from exhausted. We only desired, however, to judge him as a philosopher and theorist. It is by no means our intention to dispute the excellent qualities of his mind and heart, qualities of which he always furnished proof whenever his vanity as a composer was not too much involved. His physical constitution, his want of education, his occupations, the very nature of his talent, the influence which must have been exerted on him by the state of the philosophic and moral science of his time—all rendered him unsuited for the task he had undertaken. He endeavored to probe the most arduous questions of art, and these questions are even at the present day far from being completely decided. Notwithstanding certain isolated views to be found in the writings of the best authors, the philosophy of musical art does not yet exist as a science. None of the French works which have assumed this title, or one of the same kind, possess more than a limited value. Germany boasts of some few books entitled: *Musical Aesthetics*, but it is impossible for us to speak of them in terms of praise; we find in them absurdities quite as glaring, if, indeed, not as numerous, as those in Grétry's *Mémoires*.

JOHANNES WEBER.

BRUSSELS.—On the 21st inst., the anniversary of the King's accession to the throne, a "Te Deum" by Pierre Bénéit was performed. This "Te Deum" forms the third part of a grand work consisting of four parts. Of these, No. 1, "Noël," and No. 2, "Missa solennis" are already known here. The fourth and concluding part is a "Requiem," which, also, is completed, though never yet performed.

## THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MUSIC.\*

A National Association for this object has lately sprung into existence. The list of its Council includes two or three names well and honorably known in the world of music, with some score of others noticeable only as intimating the aristocratic relations of their owners. The Society, to judge from its prospectus, has scarcely yet determined on a plan of operations. The terms in which it explains its objects are very general indeed. It hints at a scheme of musical instruction on a "uniform system"—to be carried out on the "broadest basis"—to include the "power of assisting friendless genius." Provisionally, at least, such an undertaking deserves a welcome. When its purposes and methods are more clearly explained it will be time to criticise. But the "encouragement" of art is such a difficult problem that it is never amiss to be reminded of the risks run in the prosecution of such schemes. It is very doubtful whether, on the whole, Art has been the gainer by the sum-total of all the artificial nursing that has been bestowed upon it. "O Art! what stupidities have been perpetrated in thy name!" is one's reflection on considering a little what kings, queens, and governments have done in this behalf.

The enjoyment of the beautiful is the chief and best stimulus to its production. Such enjoyment, when organised as it is by our Philharmonics and Musical Unions, is a better stimulus than when detached and casual. Thus far, at least, united action is wholesome and effective. But, when the organisation is extended to the actual production of music, or the breeding of musicians, the case is immediately beset with difficulties. Then comes at once a conflict of systems—a conflict inevitable in an art the methods of which are not scientific but empirical. When one thinks of this, the phrase "uniform system" has an ugly sound. Music is not—however much musicians may shrink from the confession—in any sense of the word, a science. The phrase "science of music" is a mere fashionable figure of speech. As yet the thing exists not. Perhaps it never will. Induction, certainty, logicality, known connexion of cause and effect, thorough analysis of facts and processes—these are some of the things which mark a science; and there is no presumption that music, which is a thing operating on the emotional part of a man, will ever be invested with these severe intellectual attributes. It is essentially an *art*. Its processes, that is, are matters of practice, not theory. Probably it would have advanced much more quickly as an art if it had not hampered itself by vain struggles to become a science. Perhaps the best chance of progress for the future lies in the now almost complete abandonment of the attempt. Bit by bit, almost every vestige of artificial law in harmony has vanished. The instincts of composers (which are, of course, only the instincts of the universal human ear) have demolished the mass of cumbrous syntax—of rules invented by successive generations of theorists. The final result is that there is probably not a single rule of either theory or practice on which complete unanimity exists. On two fundamental points, for instance—the theory of the scale and the theory of the action of the human voice—there is not the slightest approximation to an agreement on first principles. The highest authorities among practical musicians will confess that no such thing exists as a *rational* treatise on thorough bass, while, in the art of singing, it is notorious that the leading professors contradict each other in their elementary maxims. If the "encouragers" of music should unfortunately forget this, their encouragement will do the art no more good than has been done before by the thousand interferences of authority in matters of opinion. Where a right result is not a matter of doubt, but the right method is, the safe rule is to put a premium on results and let the methods settle themselves. Dispense your encouragement to all methods that present themselves, in the proportions in which the desired ends are reached. This maxim may have been unwisely applied to the education of little children in village-schools, because the work of a schoolmaster is meant to produce certain results which it is impossible to get a tangible measure of. But in music there is no such difficulty. The public voice delivers, in the average of cases, a true verdict on such questions as whether a symphony is worth listening to or not, whether a voice is or is not well-cultivated, and whether a choir can or cannot sing to good purpose.

## IZYDOR LOTTO.

The remarkable success recently achieved by the young Polish violinist, M. Lotto, at the Crystal Palace concerts, constitutes one of the leading topics of conversation in musical circles. M. Lotto made his first appearance on Saturday, the 13th of June, and created such an extraordinary sensation that the directors secured his services on the spot for two more of the Saturday Concerts, and subsequently engaged him to play every day for an entire week; thereby not only proving their sense of his merit, but showing that he was an unusual attraction. Probably not one of the company who attended the concert at

the Crystal Palace, in which the young violinist made his first appearance, had ever heard the name of Lotto, or had ever seen it before they read it in the announcements. It was natural, therefore, that inquiries should be made as to who and what M. Lotto was, and that curiosity should be largely excited. We are enabled to lay before our readers a brief sketch of M. Lotto's career from his earliest youth.

Izydor Lotto was born at Warsaw on the 22nd of December, 1840, and is consequently twenty-three years of age. His father was a musician, and belonged to the humbler ranks of life. Before the little Izydor was four years old he displayed an extraordinary precocity and aptitude for music, and his father gave him all the instruction that lay in his power, principally directing his studies to playing the violin, of which he himself was a professor. Izydor learned rapidly, and at eleven years of age had excited astonishment and delight in all who heard him, not only by the brilliancy and perfection of his mechanism, but by the purity of his tone, the freedom of his bowing, and his great command of expression, most uncommon in one of his years. By the advice of his friends—who, it may be added, subscribed more than words towards the advancement of the young violinist—Izydor's father sent him to the Paris Conservatoire, where he studied under M. Massart, the celebrated professor of the violin, for several years. At the age of twelve, when his first year had just been completed, Izydor carried off the first prize for violin-playing, an honor which can be only estimated at its full value by a knowledge of the number of competitors who enter for the Conservatoire prizes and the amount of talent displayed at the trials.

At the age of eighteen Izydor Lotto had finished his education at the Conservatoire, which, in addition to his violin-practice, comprised studies in harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and composition. His violin-playing had already won the admiration of all the connoisseurs connected with the great musical establishment in the French capital. His future was now in his own hands, and determined to try his fortune in the world, he set out on a tour through Europe. He first made the circuit of France. Thence he went to Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and subsequently proceeded to Spain and Portugal. His progress was attended everywhere with honor and emolument. He was decorated with the Order of Merit by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and the King of Portugal, and was appointed solo violinist to the King of Portugal and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

M. Lotto's performances in this country have been as yet confined to the Crystal Palace. Great numbers certainly have heard him play there, but his special *début* has still to be made in London, and his English success can only be pronounced a preliminary one. The utmost curiosity prevails about the young Polish violinist, and the sooner he is brought before the great public the better for himself.—*Illustrated News of the World*, July 11th.

## WILLIAM MULREADY.\*

One of the greatest English Painters has passed away. The words peacefully express the disappearance from amongst us of a most accomplished artist, a kind and helpful friend, and most courteous gentleman. In either character it would be hard indeed to find his equal in the ranks of the profession of which he was a most distinguished ornament. He was born in Ireland in 1786, but was early removed to London, where he became a student of the Royal Academy in his fifteenth year. His student days were marked by more than the usual trials and difficulties that so often accompany the young aspirant in a very arduous profession. A record of these early days has been left to the world, written by himself, and embodied in an autobiography dedicated to Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," in 1805, and entitled "The Looking Glass: a True History of the Early Years of an Artist, calculated to awaken the emulation of young persons of both sexes in the pursuit of every laudable attainment, particularly in the cultivation of the Fine Arts." This work is extant, and will, doubtless, furnish some of the materials for a life of the author. Mulready appears to have received his first encouragement from Banks, the sculptor; and from the time, when, by his advice and assistance, he became a student of the Royal Academy, he marched steadily on to fame. His early pictures gave little promise, however, of his future success. Among the first works which really attracted serious attention were "The Roadside Inn" and "Punch." In 1815, when in his thirtieth year, he painted the picture of "Idle Boys," which led to his election as an associate of the Royal Academy in the November of the same year; and three months after he became a full member of that body. After his election, the first important work he exhibited was the "Wolf and the Lamb." This picture was magnificently engraved in line by Robinson; and the plate became the property of the Artists' Annuity Fund, of which Mulready was one of the founders. The original is in the Vernon Collection at South Kensington. After this he exhibited "The Careless Messenger,"

\* From The Reader.

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1821, "The Convalescent," 1822, "The Widow," 1824, and "The Cannon," 1827. Between 1830 and 1848 he produced the works upon which his fame rests, and many of which are among the most precious possessions of the English school. During these eighteen years he painted the fine picture of "The Lascars," the exquisite little picture of "The Sonnet," "First Love," and "The Ford"—all in the Vernon Collection. In 1841-2 he produced the drawings from which Thompson engraved the illustrations to the "Vicar of Wakefield"; and these designs are perhaps the best test of his mental capacity extant. From three of these designs he painted pictures—"Choosing the Wedding Gown," "Burchell and Sophia hay-making," and "The Whistonian Controversy." The first of these three works called forth almost an ovation when it was exhibited in the Royal Academy; and this was almost the culminating point of Mulready's fame. Subsequently he produced "The Butt" (1848), in the Vernon Collection, "Women Bathing" (1849), by which he was represented in Paris in 1855. "The Young Brother" was exhibited in 1857, and became the property of the nation under Mr. Vernon's bequest. "The Toy-Seller" was Mulready's last effort, and it appeared in the Royal Academy last year. Mulready's career is especially worthy of the attention of every earnest minded student. Without any remarkable genius, he became one of the most distinguished artists of his epoch by the diligent exercise of his faculties, physical as well as mental. To the very last day of his life he was still a student among students; and the evening before he was called away to other fields of labor and of praise he was at work in the Royal Academy schools. His steadfast attachment to nature, and hatred of conventions, was well repaid, for "nature never yet forsook the heart that truly loved her." He learned to imitate her with understanding; and his progress is marked by a scientific arrangement of form and color that emulates that of the most highly-gifted genius, while it stands at an immeasurable distance from any mere student-work. Conscious of his great ability, he was ever ready to help the young, yet so to help them as a father and a brother would have done. Those who, with the present writer, have had the privilege of his personal friendship will be more fully able to estimate his loss. They know that the country has lost a great painter; but they feel still more that a just, manly, modest, and courteous spirit has passed away.

#### AN OLD CATHEDRAL ORGAN.

"The organ"—writes the Newcastle Daily Journal—"which replaces the harmonium hitherto used in Jesmond Church (Rev. Berkeley Addison's) is one which formerly stood in Manchester Cathedral, and which was removed to make room for a larger instrument. The organ has been enlarged and thoroughly repaired by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, of Manchester, from whom it has been purchased, and who have now erected it in Jesmond Church. The instrument has been erected in the west gallery, and, viewed from the body of the church, presents a grand and imposing appearance. The case is of florid Gothic design, richly carved, and divided by buttresses into five compartments, each filled with large gilt pipes. The organ has three rows of manuals and pedal organ, and contains the following stops:—

GREAT ORGAN, compass CC to F in alt.	16. Fifteenth .....	2 feet
1. Major Open Diapason... 8 feet	17. Bassoon } .....	8 "
2. Minor Open Diapason... 8 "	18. Cremona } .....	8 "
3. Stopped Diapason ..... 8 "	SWELL ORGAN, C to F.	
4. Principal ..... 4 "	19. Double-stopped Diapason 16 feet	
5. Twelfth ..... 3 "	20. Open Diapason ..... 8 "	
6. Fifteenth ..... 2 "	21. Stopped Diapason ..... 8 "	
7. Sesquialtera..... 3 rks.	22. Principal ..... 4 "	
8. Trumpet ..... 8 feet	23. Fifteenth ..... 2 "	
9. Clarion ..... 4 "	24. Trumpet ..... 8 "	
CHOIR ORGAN, compass CC to F.	25. Hautboy .....	8 "
10. Dulciana ..... 8 feet	PEDAL ORGAN, compass CCC to E.	
11. Gedact Bass..... 8 "	26. Double Open Diapason, 16 feet	
12. Stopped Diapason Bass } 8 "	Coupler Stops.	
13. Clarabella ..... 8 "	27. Swell to Great Organ.	
14. Principal ..... 4 "	28. Choir to Great Organ.	
15. Wald Flute..... 4 "	29. Great Organ to Pedals.	
	30. Choir Organ to Pedals.	

There are four combination pedals to change the stops. The pipes of the great organ and part of the choir and swell were made by Schmidt, about 1690, and are remarkable for the richness and purity of their tone: indeed, in the opinion of competent judges, the quality is equal to that of the celebrated organ in the Temple Church, London, by the same builder."

"When noticing the sale of the great and swell organs in November last,"—observes a correspondent of *The Manchester Courier*—

"you reiterated your opinion that the course which had been adopted in procuring an entirely new instrument, instead of making use of the old great, swell, and choir, combining with them such new stops as seemed desirable, was exceedingly injudicious. The latter portion of the above extract appeared to me of sufficient importance to deserve further inquiry, the result of which has very much strengthened the position you have all along taken. It was always well known that the choir organ was a genuine Father Schmidt, and I believe your columns were the means of this "little gem" being rescued from wanton and total destruction, not however before many of the pipes had been crushed, through being left exposed on the floor of an aisle to be trampled upon by any careless or spiteful individual. I always admired the quality of the great organ stops, many of which I was inclined to attribute to the celebrated Harris; but I am now assured that the three diapasons, the principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtera (originally of four ranks, the tierce being now omitted on account of the equal temperament which has been adopted), in fact, the whole of the flue stops in the great organ, and the open diapason in the swell, are undoubted specimens of Father Schmidt's handwork. The pipes had suffered through their feet having been knocked up, very probably in deference to a taste which seems to have been introduced by Greene, but being now restored to their original state, under the skilful manipulation of Mr. Jardine, I understand that they tell out with all the brilliancy and purity which are characteristic of the famous German builder. The error committed by the authorities of our Cathedral and Parish Church is as unfortunate as it is irreparable. Irreparable, because I do not think it will be easy to find any churchwardens or clergy possessing an instrument by Father Schmidt who will be so ignorant as to surrender so valuable a prize. Certain I am, from all I learn, that the good people of Newcastle-upon-Tyne will not be the first to perpetrate such a stupid blunder; they have been already too much fortified by men of known musical skill easily to relinquish the notion which they had spontaneously adopted—that they had made a most invaluable acquisition on most easy terms; and great is the astonishment that has been expressed on all hands that they have been allowed to take so interesting a specimen of organ manufacture from a city which pretends to great musical taste. I do not know a single point which can be urged in extenuation of the egregious folly that has in this instance been enacted. Even had the new instrument been of the highest class of modern cunning in the art of organ building, which, however, I have the authority of several of the best organists and organ connoisseurs in the country in stating it is not, even then, all the ameliorating effect of time in the tone of musical instruments would have to be ignored. Every one moderately conversant with musical matters knows the value of a Cremona; the superiority of tone, no doubt, is in some measure at least due to age. With regard to the organ the same mysterious influence operates upon the pipes, whilst the quality of metal, so much superior to that generally used at the present time, has an additional preservative influence upon the metal pipes. Singular enough, almost simultaneously with the accounts from Newcastle I came upon the following observations in a local paper respecting the fine organ in the grand parish church of Boston, Lincolnshire which has just undergone a course of mechanical improvements by Messrs. Hill and Co., of London:—

"The organ of our parish church is unsurpassed in England for the exquisite purity and mellowness of its old diapasons; and all musicians who have visited Boston have been remarkably struck by its wonderful combination of delicacy of tone and fullness of harmony. Considerable uncertainty has existed as to its builder; but now it seems to be certain—according to the opinions of the high authorities who have examined it—that it was constructed, in the middle of the 17th century, by the famed Father Schmidt, who built the organs of the Temple Church, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Durham, and elsewhere, about this period. Our readers are probably aware that all great instrument makers, whether of violins or of organs, have certain mannerisms in their workmanship, or certain peculiarities in their tone, by which their handiwork can be infallibly recognised by competent persons who are familiar with these distinctions. And just as Professor Owen, or Professor Huxley, when shown a fossil bone, can tell us to what class of extinct animals it has belonged, and can construct for us a typical skeleton of the animal from which it came; so competent musical authorities can tell us, from the arrangements of its internal works, and the composition and form of its pipes, to what period any organ belongs, and who was its probable builder. From internal evidence,



then, of this sort there seems no doubt whatever that Father Schmidt—the finest organ builder that ever we had in England—was the constructor of our organ. We were shown a piece of one of the original pipes, which was cut off in course of the repairs; and the peculiar lightness of the metal, and its exquisite silvery 'ring' when struck, were quite remarkable, as being so different from the qualities of the metal used by the modern builders. Father Schmidt must have used a large proportion of tin in the metal of which he constructed his pipes."

I may add that Father Schmidt not only used metal of fine quality, but that he did not stint the quantity. It is impossible to obtain a proper quality of tone from pipes no thicker than the paper upon which these remarks are printed, however large the proportion of tin. The *Builder* some time since enumerated a series of barbarisms committed by our ecclesiastical authorities in the restoration of our chief church, but I think not one of them exceeded in monstrosity the degradation of a choir organ—the "little gem" by Father Schmidt—into a practice instrument for choir boys, and the rejection of the remainder of the work of that unrivalled artist through absolute ignorance of its intrinsic interest and value.—Yours, &c.,

Manchester, July 6, 1863.

#### THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—Permit me to point out the series of errors made by the writer of the article on my lamented friend, the late Frederick Beale. It is a pity that, in doing justice to the memory of that loved and respected gentleman, such singular mistakes should have been made, the more so, as a brief history of the origin of the Royal Italian Opera was published in your columns, in the first week in April, 1862. If you will take the trouble to refer to that communication you will find:—

1. That Mr. Beale had no hand in the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera.
2. That Mr. Beale took no active part in the conversion of Covent Garden into a real Opera-house and in the formation of the new company.
3. That it is quite untrue that but for Mr. Beale the Royal Italian Opera would never have existed.
4. That Mr. Beale had no monetary interests in the speculation. He became liable after the break-down of Persiani and Galetti, but his liability totally ceased after Mr. Delafield became the lessee.
5. That Mr. Beale had nothing at all to do with founding the new art structure on a "solid basis."

To make a long story short, and not to trespass on your valuable space, the paragraphs with reference to Mr. Beale's connection with the Royal Italian Opera are entirely erroneous. Mr. Beale was appointed director at my suggestion, after Mr. Mitchell had been offered and declined the position. Mr. Beale commenced his administrative duties in October, 1846, after every engagement had been made, every arrangement had been completed. To be considered as the prime mover, originator, and organizer of the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Beale has no more claim than Mr. Delafield or Mr. Gye. The entire plan of management, comprehending the extension of the domain of lyric art, was considered by and submitted to Persiani and Galetti by myself, and approved of by Costa, who accepted the post of musical director, after the engagement of Grisi and Mario had been effected. The organization began, in fact, as far back as 1845, and in 1846 was matured months before I suggested the nomination of my excellent friend Beale, who entered fully and cordially into my views. I announced the opening of Covent Garden in August, 1846, and on the 15th of October following, I made known to the public Mr. Beale's appointment. In 1848 Mr. Frederick Gye succeeded Mr. Beale; but, in April, 1849, Mr. Beale, in Delafield's absence, resumed his official duties, which he retained until Delafield's bankruptcy in July, 1849; and the artists formed the commonwealth, with Mr. Gye as manager, which lasted for the season of 1850, when Mr. Gye became sole lessee and director, and has remained so from that time till the present period, fortunately for the interests of art.

To every word of the eulogium passed by your writer on the eminent qualities of mind and heart, which distinguished the late Frederick Beale, I subscribe most sympathetically. He was, as is truly remarked, a "discoverer of and fosterer of talent, native and foreign." But if musical history be written, it must be truthfully written; and to permit the extraordinary errors as to Mr. Beale's real connection with the Royal Italian Opera, without this rectification, would be in flagrant contradiction with the true history of its origin, exclusively printed in the *Musical World*, in April, 1862, by your very obedient servant,

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN.

16 Surrey Street, Strand, London.  
July 22, 1863.

#### WEBER'S OBERON.

Sir,—Great were the expectations entertained of this fairy bantling of Weber. The cast was even more perfect than when the opera was revived in 1860, under Mr. E. T. Smith's management, and comprised in the cast Mdle. Titiens as Reiza; Mdle. Trebelli as Puck; Mdle. Alboni as Fatima; Mdle. Rosa Ersini, alias Miss Rose Hersee, as the Mermaid; Mr. Sims Reeves, Sir Huon; Mr. Santley, Sherasmin; Signor Alessandro Bettini, Oberon; and Signor Gassier, Babekan. Such a cast certainly could not be given in any other theatre in the world. With such singers and with Weber's music an immense success was anticipated. I cannot indeed assert so much for the first performance. The execution was all that could be desired. The principal vocalists were perfect, the chorus was excellent, the band was inimitable, the audience, too, was disposed to be enthusiastic, and warmly encored the overture. The whole performance, nevertheless, hung fire, and towards the conclusion, attention began to weary. In fact, the times have gone by for ever when such an absurdity as the story of *Oberon* can be tolerated on the stage. Nothing, I feel satisfied, but the respect due to Weber's name prevented the piece from being hissed on Tuesday night. Moreover, the music is not always the composer's best—for what mortal mind could be inspired by such rubbish? Some of the music indeed is exceedingly beautiful, but abstractedly beautiful, without the slightest reference to dramatic effect. Hence the want of enthusiasm throughout the performance, except in two or three instances, due as much to the splendid singing as the music. I do not desire to mislead your readers. *Oberon* is not a *chef-d'œuvre* like *Der Freischütz*, and nothing can ever make it popular. Even in Germany, where Weber is idolised, *Oberon* is seldom if ever performed, though the other operas of the composer are in constant request. Mr. Mapleson, notwithstanding, is entitled to the thanks of all musicians for giving *Oberon* another chance of succeeding and for doing all in his power to conduce to its success. All the press has done full justice to the recitatives provided by Mr. Benedict, which the composer himself would have endorsed without hesitation, since they breathe his very spirit and manner. Many, however, think that the spoken dialogue was more in consonance with the genius of the music. The introduction of the pieces from *Euryanthe* I cannot think was necessitated.

The special points of the performance were the Introduction; the grand scene of Reiza, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," by Mdle. Titiens; the two airs of Fatima, by Madame Alboni; the scena, written expressly for Braham, "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see," by Mr. Sims Reeves; and the popular quartet, "Over the dark blue waters," sung by Mdle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley—which Weber himself having heard once, would have gone a hundred miles to hear a second time. I must be brief with the rest of the performance. The part of Puck is important, but involves no particular vocal display; the same may be said of Sherasmin. Mdle. Trebelli in the one and Mr. Santley in the other fulfilled the highest requisites of the composer. Poor Babekan has a short life and not a very merry one. What the poet meant by drawing that brief-lived prince it is impossible to guess. Signor Gassier must have wondered what it all meant when he sang his few bars, flourished his scimitar and allowed himself to be run quietly through the body. Signor Bettini sang the music of *Oberon* with much fluency. When the curtain fell the impression left on my mind was that I had been seeing a pantomime, and hearing some beautiful music exquisitely sung. I shall have more to say of *Oberon* next week. At present, in addition to what I have said, it must suffice to state that the dresses and scenery are splendid, and the dances and groupings of the fairies are very skilfully managed. Signor Arditi is entitled to an especial word of praise for the admirable manner in which the band acquitted themselves under his direction.—I am, Sir, with profound veneration, yours,

Dir.

My DEAR EDITOR,—I will do my best, but I wish I had known earlier the festive intentions of H—, R—, F—, and Co. (with power to add to their number). Please say, by return of post, on what day—Thursday or Friday—you meet. Do not forget, so that I may regulate my actions accordingly. Yours,

J. V. B.

P.S.—I forward an instalment at once. More to follow. I send, also, a report of the Crystal Palace. As it is not much more than a mere catalogue raisonné, and does not contain opinions, I think you may find it useful. With it is an article—in my opinion (but that, of course, is nothing, with wits like you and Ryan), very respectable, on *Court and Camp*.

J. V. B.

ROTTERDAM.—For the next German Opera Season, Herren Dalle Aste and Brassin are re-engaged. Negotiations are pending with Mdle. Weyringer and Herr Schneider. A grand musical festival took place lately, a "Weinlied" by Herr Berlyn, the leader, being given for the first time, and very favorably received.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

*Just Published,*

**A PHOTOGRAPH of a GROUP of INSTRUMENTALISTS**, which includes likenesses of Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Mr. CHARLES HALLE, Herr JOACHIM, Signor PIATTI, M. SAINTON, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, Mr. BENEDICT, &c., by ALEXANDER BASSANO, Size, 13 in. by 8 in. Price 10s. 6d. CHAPPELL & Co., New Bond Street.

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## NOTICES.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but no later. Payment on delivery.

**TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.**—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

**TO CONCERT GIVERS.**—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SHOULDER.**—His communication is inadmissible. We decline to put any such query to Mr. Peters, whom, moreover, our curious correspondent can address, Post Office, Tadcaster.

**T. T. J. GROKER ROORES.**—The other paper shall appear in our next—space permitting.

## MARRIED.

On the 18th inst., at Neuchâtel, Switzerland, WILLIAM CHUBB, Esq., to Miss SOPHIA HARRIETT MESSENT.

## DEATH.

On the 18th June, at Philadelphia, JOHN JAMES FRAZER, the well-known tenor, formerly of the English Opera Houses, London.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

THE suppression of street music appears a difficulty not easy to be surmounted. That there should be no law in existence to put down so obvious a nuisance is indeed strange. Parish enactments, local rules, municipal restrictions have been found of no avail. Letters in the *Times* and other journals have failed to do more than direct attention to the abuse. At length—but not until the subject has been fairly exhausted in all possible ways and until the public have become perfectly wearied of its discussion—the question of street music has been brought before the House of Commons and has undergone a desultory examination. Mr. Bass, the propounder of the motion for the suppression of music in the streets, stated the case very clearly, and left nothing unsaid that could be urged against the universal and intolerable nuisance. We doubt, however, if Mr. Bass will gain anything by his motion. The great objectors to

street bands, barrel organs and itinerant vocalists are persons of sedentary habits who luxuriate quietly in their book or newspaper, literary persons to whom distraction is a special grievance, musicians whose artistic ears cannot endure the penetration of harsh and unsophisticated sounds, and the diseased in mind and body—a numerous class—whose very life may be said to depend on undisturbed repose. But the above do not constitute all the classes of society; and consequently we find that street music has many and strenuous supporters, who affirm that they would be deprived of a real source of gratification if they were to lose their Italian organ-grinder of a morning and their German band of an evening. Now these individuals, although the fine arts may be *caviare* to their tastes, and although it is possible that they would sooner hear an eleemosynary *cantatrice* sing a ballad in the streets than Titiens or Adelina Patti execute the finest *scena* of one of the Italian masters, and although their robust health may never render the hour of tranquillity a necessity, have a right to advance a claim to consideration as rational items in the community and payers of rates and taxes. When, therefore, Lord Fernoy and Sir John Shelley stand up for street music on the broad principle of tolerance, and assert that it is agreeable to the majority of the inhabitants of London, we cannot say that they do not speak without reason, although their reason be not of the strongest. Street music was once tolerated to a far greater extent than it is at present, and the falling off is principally owing to the rapid advance good music has made of late years among all classes. Even poets have not disdained to proclaim the charms of street music; for hath not an unknown bard somewhere sung:—

"And on some evening when the mind is lowly—  
A noiseless summer eve when Thought awakes—  
And Memory, like the twilight, melancholy,  
Old scenes, old joys, old looks from old times rakes;  
How pleasing to the ear, nay, almost holy,  
Some once lov'd strain, tho' ruggedly it breaks—  
Play'd by some Latin boy or Spaniard sturdy—  
From barrel-organ, or from hurdy-gurdy!"

But this being the age of common-place and of wholesome utility, sentiment is very properly eschewed when it interferes in the least with general comfort. No doubt the street-music nuisance will be put an end to, but the means have yet to be discovered. A letter has recently appeared in the *Morning Herald*, signed "One of the tormented," the writer of which, according to our views, has suggested a rational and feasible method of checking, if not altogether destroying, the evil. He recommends calling in the aid of the medical and scholastic professions. "Let a requisition," he writes, "be signed by some hundred members of the faculty, of the bar, and of the educational professions, testifying to the wear and tear of mind and body—to say nothing of the waste of time—caused by street-music, and even the most obtuse in the matter will be found to recognise it as an evil which, like every other nuisance, ought to be checked, on the simple and acknowledged ground that one man's pleasure is not to be to the hurt of his neighbor." Without going the whole length with "One of the tormented"—for we are not ignorant how many there are in every neighbourhood of the metropolis who encourage playing and singing in the streets by paying for it; how grateful falls on the ear of the bed-ridden some melody of happier days, however unskillfully played; and, how to the young these echos in the streets are always welcome—we are inclined to think that his proposition would form the most efficacious way of abolishing the nuisance. Let timely notice, however, be given to the poor wretches whose livelihood is threatened,



The number of paupers cast on the public thoroughfares, if all street-music were suddenly stopped, would be productive of serious mischief—far more serious than is generally contemplated—and would in no way be counterbalanced by the good achieved. By all means put down the grievance of street-music, but let it be done without precipitation, without ill-feeling, and with a proper sense of the consequences involved. R.

[P.S.—Since the above was in type the subjoined has appeared in *The Times* :—

#### STREET MUSIC.

"Sir,—Whether street music in London ought to be put down or not, I, living in the country, am not concerned to answer. I suppose it is a question, like smoking, on which the public will always be divided; but, as to the law on the subject, it is so clear and simple that I am surprised how legislators and justices can be puzzled about it. Every public road or street belongs to the Sovereign, as embodying the nation, and is accordingly called the King's or Queen's highway. The interest of each individual is limited to a right of passing and repassing over such highway, and he is no more entitled to use it for business or amusement than he is to build upon it or dig for ore beneath its surface. Hence the keeping of stalls for sale is illegal, and, though often winked at, is sometimes denounced and punished. Hence, the police are justified in desiring you to "move on" if you loiter, in looking at a shop-window or conversing with a friend, so as bar the progress of passers. *A fortiori*, a band of musicians has no *locus standi* on the ground. There is, in my neighbourhood, a right of way over a gentleman's park. But I have only the privilege of passage, and none of remaining on the path for the purpose of reading, sketching, or playing the violin. AS OLD LAWYER."

[From this it would appear that there is only the privilege of passage—of which, as the Italian organ-grinders are *passagers*, they may be passing fain to avail themselves *en passant*.—ED. M. W.]

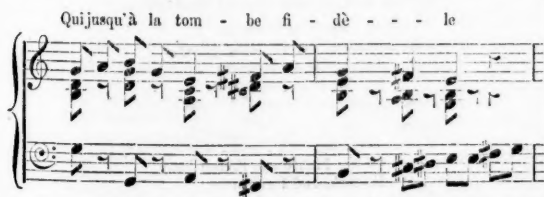
#### LINE TO AN M.P.

(Music 's no charm to soothe the savage Bass.)

[P.S.—Would Mr. Bass have any objection to a stout *basso cantante* singing to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ, in treble X. S. PIGOTT, Q.C.]

#### TO ZAMIELS OWL, ESQ.

MY dear Owl—On being asked for a definition of good music, Galuppi (who was not the composer of a Latin oratorio, called *Machabæorum Mater*) replied "*Vaghezza, chiarezza, e buona modulazione*."\* But this by the road. You may remember the song in *Faust*, "There was a king in Thule". Perhaps you don't—in which case I subjoin a fragment :—



\* Beauty, clearness and good modulation.



Given to discover, in what precise key is the above? Will you grope about, my dear Owl, and acquaint me with the result at which you arrive. Quaintness is one thing; quaintness with key is one thing; quaintness without key is one thing, but it is also another thing. Given, again, to find out in what key is the subjoined (from the same song) :—



"I hope you will not consider me in the light of a musical Paul Pry; but I have an ear, which fidgets me to death, if it finds no repose in tonality. What, you will enquire, what does "repose in tonality" signify. To which I answer, with a couple of lines from Sannazaro :—

"L'ignudi pesci andran per secchi cāpi  
E'l mar fia duro, & liquefatti i sassi."

"I dont"—you may rejoice—"exactly see the connection." Nor, my dear Owl, was it my intention that you should see the connection. Nevertheless, when you have discovered a key to the passage I have cited from "Es war ein König" ("C'era un rè"—"Il était un roi"—"There was a king"), I will present you, in return, with another key, which shall open the door of the safe, in which is safely lodged the connection between "repose in tonality" and the words of Giacoppo Sannazaro. It might be called (to use the language of Godwin in his famous *Essay on Sepulchres*) "the Atlas of those who have lived for the use of men hereafter to be born." What might thus be called? Aye—there's the question. "It" lies in a nutshell, unbeseen by the passer-by, on a soil once obstreperous with life, now sown with salt. M. Gounod left England without having made "a call," and this notwithstanding the "call" after the "garden scene" in *Faust*—a behaviour which might fairly be called callous, by any amateur not afraid to be called out by M. Gounod—the introduction to whose music to M. Ponsard's *Ulysse*, by the road, begins as follows :—

*Andante non troppo.*





"*Ulysse, seul, endormi sur le sable du rivage*:"—such is the stage direction. M. Gounod, too, was doubtless asleep when this musical inspiration came to him—the precise key of which, my dear Owl, I pray you will look for, and convey, or cause to be conveyed, with the others, to yours,  
Tadcaster, July 21. DISHLEY PETERS.

### A PROTEST FROM D. C.

DEAR EDITOR,—Some officious fool has, not for the first time, been at work with blundering emendations of my "rhymes." You always deny it. So here is chapter and verse:—

CCCXXII.

last line—

"*Regal*" for royal. "Royal Octavo" is a bookselling term, and the use of it makes a pun with the preceding line, which the officious fool, "not seeing," has expunged by substituting "regal."

CCCXXVII.

line three—

"*horreurs de guerre*," ignorantly altered from *Horreurs de la Guerre*, the title of a well-known set of etchings by Jean Callot. One is French, the other is not. The "fool" has been misled by the expression *nom de guerre*; but war is *la guerre*, as love is *l'amour*, and as folly, like his, is *la folie*.

I don't mind altering anything on suggestion, and readily agree to any obvious improvement; but it is better to print as I write than to tamper in ignorance even of the very sense I intend to be conveyed.

There was an old "rhymes" emendator,  
Of their point a most ruthless castrator,  
If he lights on a joke,  
With his snout, this old bloke,  
Routs it up as a pig does a tatur.

Let the "fool" emend this.

[The amenity of the foregoing protest will be admired.—ED.]

### EPITAPHS.

Here at last my wife doth lie,  
She's at peace and so am I.

Hic mulier jacet,  
In eternaque tacet,  
Nunc nobis est quies,  
Per noctes et dies.

Here lies a dame not too precise,  
Nor ever chary of a kiss,  
\* No chance of happiness to miss,  
She made this world a paradise.

### ELENCHUS.

Better to love without return  
Than that love's flame should cease to burn.

D. C.

### AD PUELLAM.

Lo! yon bee, with honey laden,  
Humming sails athwart the lea;  
On the tender calyx, maiden,  
Traces of his thefts dost see?  
I'm that bee, and tho' these kisses,  
Stolen from thy red lips, fill  
All my heart with honey'd blisses,  
Seathless, spotless, art thou still!

[The idea of the above is taken from a *chanson* by the Duke Charles Armand René de la Trémouille, a "rhymer" of the last century.] D. C.

There was an old basso called Formes  
Whose voice like a far rumbling storm is,  
And before the storm's over  
You the havoc discover  
It has made with the music of Formes.

There was an old opera called *Faust*,  
On which fanatics all praise exhaust,  
And, if you don't admire  
Gretchen, in such attire,  
"*Margaritas ad porcos*"\* call *Faust*.

There was a fair songstress, A. Patti,  
Compendious in size, like a catty  
Packet of Pekoe,  
For all things here below  
Are small when they're precious, like Patti.

There was a soprano, call'd Lucca  
Who reach'd fame swift as any felucca,  
And it seems pretty plain  
That a Lucca of gain  
Gye has found in this same Fraulein Lucca.

There was an old singer, call'd Grisi,  
Who, retired, could never live easy.  
To the public, her first love  
And last fondly nurs'd love,  
She clings, this "cast" off "diva," Grisi.

There was an old tenor, call'd Mario,  
Who said, "*Io sono un 'star,' io*,"  
But he said it so long  
That at last he was wrong.  
For paled was the lustre of Mario.

There was a great singer, Alboni,  
Whose throat engulphed much maccaroni,  
And, by way of completeness,  
The like "linked sweetness,  
Long drawn out," rose out of Alboni.

There was a great artist, Ronconi,  
Who of fame has full long been a crony,  
And more faithful is she  
As a friend than that "G,"  
Long lost, tho' he's call'd G. Ronconi.

There was a fair singer call'd Artôt,  
Whose fate was like that of Tomato,  
She came, sang, and won;  
'Twas a hollow thing done;  
Yet 'twas all off the next day with Artôt.

There was an old tenor call'd Tamberlik,  
Whose feats would the fam'd fly in amber lick;  
When his "C Sharp" you hear,  
Don't ask how he got there,  
But how he'll get back, this old Tamberlik.

There was a *soprano*, Fioretti,  
Who, in spite of her not being pretty,  
Made quite a sensation;  
But the next exclamation  
Was, "What has become of Fioretti?"

There was an old actor, Montgomery,  
Whose proceeding with Fechter was summary;  
Of the Frenchman French leave  
He took, and I grieve  
To add, of the fame of Montgomery.

\* Pearls to swine.

There was an old College Dramatic,  
Where actors, grown old and asthmatic,  
May retire by election,  
Till the last stage direction  
Says "Exit" from College Dramatic."

There was a young scamp, Billy Roupell,  
Who to rob e'en a church wouldn't scruple,  
And the lead on the roof,  
For his own behoof,  
He'd smelt in the pot of old Roupell.

There was an old barrister, Bovill,  
Who, if any one treated a cov' ill,  
If he took his part,  
The offender would smart,  
For Bovill don't plead o'er 'nd abov' ill.

There was an old Ale-king, call'd Bass,  
Who would banish street-minstrels *en masse*,  
For this brewer's no ear,  
And he cannot a' bear  
Any music, be it treble or bass.

There was an old *savant*, call'd Babbage,  
Who the problem of fox, goose, and cabbage  
Has been trying to explain  
All his life, but in vain,  
The street grinders annoy so this Babbage.

There was an old General Lee,  
Who's victorious generally;  
Though he, just now, they say,  
Didn't quite win the day,  
His lee-way he'll fetch up, this old Lee.

There was an old General Meade,  
Who's just taken the general lead,  
Southern raids to impede,  
But's got General Lee'd,  
With a vengeance, this General Meade.

There was an old special, Manhattan,  
At lying and boasting a pat 'un,  
But he's some Yankee humor,  
In bolst'ring up rumor,  
When it's known to be false by Manhattan.

There was a composer call'd Gounod,  
Who had no idea of a tune, no,  
But wander'd about  
First in one key, then out,  
To a deadlock, this tuneless old Gounod.

There was a composer call'd Gounod,  
As proud as the peacock of Juno,  
'Cause his *Faust* didn't fall,  
He wouldn't pay "call"  
On the artists who saved this proud Gounod.

#### TO ZAMELS OWL, Esq.

There was the most fatuous of owls,  
In the night of no-meaning it prowls;  
When it seizes a prey,  
What it's caught none can say.  
So obscure are the ways of these owls.\*

**BOBBINGS FOR MINNWS.**—It was a happy thought, in the selection of money takers at the dramatic college *fête*, to day, the admission to which is a shilling—vulgarily one "bob"—to pitch upon "Bob Keeley." Many "bobs" to him!

#### TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

SIR,—By no means. They who are so thick-skinned as still to credit the story of the Phoenix may say something for animal burning. In the times of Claudius, Vespasian, and Severus we find no less than three legions dispersed through the province of Britain; but the Dalmatian Norsemen were in the garrison of Brancaster. Nevertheless, that the Druids and ruling priests used to burn and bury, is expressed by Pomponius. In their day were found (see Lamotie le Vayer) an ape of agate, a grasshopper and an elephant of amber, a crystal ball, three glasses, two spoons and six nuns in porphyry. The science of harmony was then unknown, music (as an art) unpractised. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

OWAIN AP MUTTON.

\* See the "rhyme" on Dr. Candlish.

#### THE OPERAS.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—*Oberon* was performed for the second time on Saturday.—A mixed performance was provided on Monday; Madame Ristori giving scenes from various tragedies, and the principal singers of the theatre—Mdlle. Titiens excepted—joining in a miscellaneous concert. The house was well filled.—On Tuesday, *Oberon* was played for the third time.—On Wednesday, the *Nozze di Figaro* was produced with a remarkably powerful cast, including Mdlle. Titiens (Countess), Mdlle. Trebelli (Cherubino), Madame Liebhardt (Susanna), Signor Gassier (Figaro), Mr. Santley (Count), Signor Bettini (Basilio), and Signor Bossi (Bartolo). The novelty was Madame Liebhardt's Susanna, a very admirable performance, and which may be praised equally from a dramatic and vocal point of view. The success obtained by Madame Liebhardt in the concert-room, was but a forerunner of a still greater. Although slightly nervous at the commencement, she soon regained her self-possession, and sang with genuine effect. The duet, "Sull' aria," by Madame Liebhardt and Mdlle. Titiens, was loudly encored. The air, too, "Deh vieni, non tarda," by Madame Liebhardt, was charmingly given, and greatly applauded. Of the remainder of the performance it is unnecessary to speak at length. Mdlle. Titiens was as admirable as ever in the Countess, and sang the two great airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono," with exquisite feeling. Mdlle. Trebelli gave the two songs of Cherubino, "Non so piu' cosa" and "Voi che sapete," with even more sentiment than last year. The latter was unanimously encored. No singing of the evening was more admirable than that of Mr. Santley, whose Count Almaviva was worthy the highest praise. Indeed the music of the part was never, in our recollection, more splendidly sung. The air, "Mentr'io sospiro," was incomparably fine. The duet "Crudel perche," by Mr. Santley and Madame Liebhardt, was encored with enthusiasm. The Figaro of Signor Gassier was excellent, and Signor Bettini sang the tenor music of Basilio very carefully and well. The band was excellent throughout. The overture was encored.—On Thursday the *Huguenots* was repeated.—Last night *Medea* was performed by Madame Ristori and the Italian company.—To-night, *Faust*.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—On Saturday, the *Huguenots*, for the first time this season, introduced Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, in the character of Valentine. A great deal had been said in foreign journals about this young lady's vocal powers, and her *début* was looked forward to with no small curiosity. Mdlle. Lucca's success was decided. She has a powerful voice and considerable dramatic energy. The part of Valentine, however, is not exactly in her line, and we may therefore expect to find her more deserving of the encomiums so lavishly bestowed on her when she appears in one better suited to her. As Mdlle. Lucca is engaged for three nights only, these three nights are to be devoted to Valentine; we must therefore wait until next season to be able to judge her more fairly. We have heard Mario sing more uniformly well as Raoul, but never saw him act to greater perfection. Herr Formes resumed his old part of Marcel, which greatly enhanced the effect of the performance. Mdlle. Marie Battu sang the music of Marguerite well; the St. Bris of M. Faure was admirable, and the Nevers of Signor Tagliafico distinguished by its gentlemanly bearing. Though last not least, Madame Didiée was one of the perstest of pages.—On Monday *Faust e Margherita* was repeated.—On Tuesday the *Elisir d'Amore* was revived for the purpose of introducing Mdlle. Adelina Patti in Adina, her first appearance in the part. The character and the music—as might indeed have been expected—are wonderfully suited to her, and her success was triumphant. Mdlle. Patti's Adina, in fact, is the best we have seen, by a great deal, on the English boards; and the opera, revived after five years' slumber, is certain to obtain, through her, a new lease of public favor. Mario should have been the Nemorino with such an Adina, but, unfortunately, he already had too many irons in the operative fire, and the part was given to Signor Naudin. Ronconi was richer than ever in Dulcamara. Perhaps a more inimitable specimen of *buffi* acting and singing than that of Mdlle. Patti and Signor Ronconi in the duet, "Io son ricco," was never witnessed. The encore which followed was not to be resisted. The Belcore of Signor Tagliafico was excellent.—On Thursday the *Huguenots* was given for the second time.—Last night *Faust e Margherita* was performed.—To-night the *Elisir d'Amore*, for the second time.



## CONCERTS.

The health of Signor Ciabatta has been for a long time precarious, and the uncertainty of his being able to continue his profession induced a number of artists, native and foreign, to give their services on his behalf on Wednesday, July 15th. To the re-appearance of Madame Grisi, it is only right to Mr. Gye to say that his permission was unhesitatingly given, and it is only just to Madame Grisi to say that she was determined beforehand to sing on Signor Ciabatta's behalf, and take all responsibility on herself. We beg to assure all lovers of the lyric art, who were not present, that in spite of the growth of physical defects, and the unpostponable advance of time, Madame Grisi has lost none of that sympathetic singing which has swayed the laughter and the tears of her admirers for so many years. She sang "Qui la voce," "Giorno d'orrore" (with Madame Alboni), "Ah morri," from *Ernani* (with Signor Giuglini), "Mira d'acerbe," from *Il Trovatore* (with Mr. Santley), and "The last rose of summer." Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Sainton, Signor Patti, Signor Delle Sedie, Miss Parepa, Mr. Santley, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Signor Burdini, Mr. Swift, and Madame Sainton Dolby, all contributed their services, and helped to attract one of the best audiences, both numerically and financially, of the present season.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The last of the Operatic Concerts took place on Saturday the 18th. The names of Madame Nantier Didicé and Signor Tamberlik appeared in addition to those of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Signor Graziani and Signor Ciampi. The concentration of vocal talent gave unusual éclat to this, the concluding concert of the series. Mdlle. Carlotta Patti sang a Bolero by Randegger, and the rondo finale from *La Sonnambula*, besides taking part with Signor Graziani in the duet, "Dunque io son"—from the *Barbiere*. Madame Nantier Didicé, who appeared for the first time this season at the Crystal Palace, gave the aria from *Dinorah*, "Fanciulle che il core," written expressly for her by Meyerbeer, and the *Brindisi*, "Il segreto," the latter being encored. Signor Tamberlik in "Il mio tesoro," and in his grand duet, "Sarà il morir," from *Masaniello*, with Signor Graziani, was thoroughly appreciated. Signor Ciampi sang the buffo air, "I miei rampoli," from *Cenicientola*, with much emphatic humour. Signor Graziani's splendid voice was heard to great advantage in the romance of Hoel, from *Dinorah*. The playing of Paganini's concerto in E flat, by M. Lotto, was, as usual, perfect in every sense of the word. A similar excellence marked the performance of his own "Valse do Concert." M. Lotto's success at the Crystal Palace has been something extraordinary. Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* began the concert, which was terminated by Mr. A. Sullivan's overture to the fourth act of *The Tempest*. The annual meeting of the metropolitan charity school children, took place on Tuesday afternoon. The children, numbering about 4000, occupied the great Handel Orchestra, and were divided into rows, presenting, with their varied and neat costumes, an appearance something analogous to a bed of unpretending home-flowers. The weather was unpropitious, rain having set in about twelve o'clock and continuing all day without cessation. There was consequently a sensible falling off in the number of visitors, though still the crowd was great; and as everybody was driven inside by the wet, the central transept and galleries looked full. One thousand children, we understand, were conveyed to Sydenham in vans, and the rest by rail. The selection comprised the "Old Hundredth Psalm," the Christmas Hymn, "Adeste Fideles," Luther's Hymn, "Great God! what do I see and hear," with trumpet obbligato by Mr. T. Harper; "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*; chorus, "See the Conquering Hero comes;" the Psalm, "Jerusalem the Golden;" Luther's Chorale, "God is our refuge;" Chorale from Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, "Sleepers, awake;" Part-song, "Now pray we for our country;" and the National Anthem. The singing was for the most part creditable, though we have heard better. The "Hallelujah" chorus was least satisfactory of all the performances. On the other hand, "See the Conquering Hero comes," and the Chorale from *St. Paul*, were encored and repeated. Mr. Henry Buckland was conductor, and Mr. James Coward presided at the organ. After the National Anthem the children raised a cheer for their conductor, which was kept up without pause for full five minutes; then a sudden rush was made through the doors, and the next instant the children were seen swarming all over the building.

THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE FANCY FAIR at the Crystal Palace, to-day and Monday next, promises to be a great success. Among the charming novelties of the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have had presented to them a slice of the Prince of Wales's wedding cake. This is to be divided into small portions and sold as *souvenirs* of the *fête* at the stall over which Mrs. Paul will preside. Who can calculate upon the efficacy of such a charm, when placed under the pillow of spinster or bachelor.

GAS.

STRASSBURG.—The Vocal Association of this town have just made Kücken an honorary member. The same compliment was paid to Herren Morini and Franz Abt some years ago.

## WHO IS LORD DUDLEY?

Calm, peaceful, placable, charitable, ever eager to believe the very best of everybody, *Mr. Punch*, as may have been remarked, scarcely ever finds fault with anything, and almost invariably suggests some pleasant solution of the most apparently unpleasant state of affairs. Any kind of atonement is enough for him, and had he lived in the old days, and been the patron of the Abbey that was burned one night by a nobleman residing at a neighbouring castle, *COURT PUNCH* would instantly have accepted the celebrated apology and explanation, that the nobleman would not have burned the Abbey if he had not thought that the Bishop was inside. Sometimes, however, in dealing with noblemen, &c., his pacific subtlety is considerably taxed, and he has to think three or four times, and even take his coat off to think the harder, before he can effect a perfect accommodation between words and ideas. He owns, (for he loves to take the public into his confidence) that he has had some difficulty of the kind in reference to a portion of the contents of a pamphlet before him, written by Mr. Lumley, formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre, and published by Messrs. Bosworth & Harrison, 215 Regent Street. This professes to give an account of the connection between Mr. Lumley, and a nobleman who used to be called Lord Ward, who was made Earl of Dudley by the Ministry, not, as was meanly suggested, because his large property gives him great influence at certain elections (for Peers are not allowed by law to interfere at elections) but, *Mr. Punch* is sure, because he must have been a very wise and clever and statesmanlike nobleman, and if his modesty prevented this fact from being generally known, it was the more incumbent upon the Minister of the Crown to recognise merits of which the people were not aware. This is rather a long sentence.

Now *Mr. Punch* is not going into the details, set out by Mr. Lumley. They are interesting to all who are interested in operas, and noblemen, and the pamphlet is not dear. Mr. Lumley virtually "made" the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Lord Dudley is the landlord of that establishment, and it may be supposed to have been largely benefited by the reputation obtained for it by Mr. Lumley. When the latter wished to take some benefits, and the Marchioness Piccolomini good-naturedly offered to come from Italy; and perform what she considers singing for the director who had introduced her to the tolerant English, Her Majesty's Theatre seemed the place where the little lady should be heard. Its excellent manager, Mr. Mapleson, offered the house, but, says Mr. Lumley, "the world knows that to Lord Dudley's interposition it is due that the present lessee of his Lordship's Opera House was deterred" from performing the promise to lend the theatre. Mr. Lumley thinks himself ungraciously and ungratefully treated, and composes his "Narrative of Facts." He sends a copy to Lord Dudley, whose solicitor impeaches the accuracy of the narrative and protests against the publication. Mr. Lumley's solicitor declares that its contents were all supported by documents, and asks what special statements were denied. The answer is that the inaccuracies are too numerous to be entered upon *seriatim*, but—

"I may notice that the idea that the Earl contemplated becoming the director of the Theatre, or of carrying it on in conjunction with Mr. Lumley, or any other person, is not true."

Well, if the idea is not true, it is an untrue idea, but the idea of the public as to what the Earl's contemplations were may be crystallised by the following extracts from letters signed "Ward." The nobleman writes to Mr. Lumley in April, 1853:—

"Witley Court, Friday.

"My dear Sir,—I was much obliged by your letter of this morning, telling me what you had done. Puzzi having accepted the post of director for this year, it is but just to him, that he should know for whom he is acting, and set him to work with vigour. Give orders that the Theatre should be put in order, and let us at least, as far as depends upon ourselves, be ready to redeem the time that is lost. But recollect nothing is settled absolutely, till I have seen you again, which I will look forward to doing to-morrow. I will send a carriage to Droitwich to wait for you by whatever train you come, and I will have the announcement ready for Monday morning, if only our principals have accepted the first mention made to them of an engagement, as it would be ridiculous to find ourselves the happy possessors of a lease without a troop."

Ordinary readers may think that this reads very like the letter of a nobleman who is the director of a theatre, and is giving instructions to his sub-director. And in another letter, the nobleman may seem to be entering still more minutely into details, and engaging his company, and cleaning up his house:—

"Dear Sir,—After our last conversation, you will doubtless be surprised to receive this communication from me, but I do not think matters are at an end as to opening Her Majesty's Theatre this year even now. Viardot has consented to the terms proposed on the part of his wife, and it is only Gardoni and Morelli who make difficulties about terms. To-morrow, however, I must settle the matter one way or another, as I cannot live on in this uncertainty, as it interferes with all my plans. Will you kindly write me out the names of the heads of each department, where they are to be found, and their last year's salaries. If, too, in a quiet way, you can tell Fish to make any preparations in the Theatre, I wish you would do so; it will not entail much expense, and will put us in a better position if we do open. "Where is Corbair, and is she free? We must have a second soprano. I will come to Spring Gardens to-morrow as soon as I arrive."

Now *Mr. Punch* owns, as he said before, that he has had hard work to reconcile the nobleman's letters with the statement of his solicitor.

How anybody could show himself more resolved to be an acting and active director than the writer of such letters, it is really difficult to say. But the explanation must be effected, the problem must be solved. Lord Punch is himself a nobleman, and is interested for the honor of his order, in which he begs most distinctly to state for the information of mankind, that no unworthy conduct is ever tolerated. Truth, candour, generosity, are among the attributes of the Peerage, or Lord Punch would turn his coronet into a basket for his under-housemaid's black-lead brushes. Noblemen never say that which is not.

He has done it! *Eureka*, as the *Morning Advertiser* wrote, or, as a certain M.P. said, "we have discovered the eureka."

Lord Dudley is not the same person as Lord Ward. He has been changed. Very wonderful things do happen in aristocratic families, and this must have been one of them. Who's who, or which is what, we don't pretend to say. But, Aristocrat to the marrow, *Mr. Punch* denies that the noble who wrote those letters could have been the one who ordered the contradiction. But then comes another question:—"Who is Lord Dudley?" Echo made such an excessively rude answer that we decline reporting it. Enough that we have saved the honor of the Peerage.

#### COURT OF BANKRUPTCY, Basinghall-street, July, 21.

(Before Mr. Registrar ROCHE.)

IN RE DION BOUCAULT.

Bankrupt described as dramatic author, late of Hereford-house, Old Brompton, now residing at Brighton; first meeting under bankruptcy. Insecured debts in round figures, 7,000*l.*, secured, 7,866*l.*, besides liabilities. Assets include claim upon New Theatre Company (limited), and furniture supplied to Hereford-house, estate being mortgaged to Ransome, Bouverie, and Co., and George Carew, solicitor, 45 Bloomsbury-square. From examination of bankrupt by Lewis, it appeared that between February and June, 1863, furniture to extent of 2,349*l.* was supplied by Jones and Bembridge, upholsterers, Piccadilly, to Hereford-house, and that Jones and Bembridge had become bankrupts. Boucault gave Jones and Bembridge two bills for 300*l.* each on account. These had been paid. Lewis, while not objecting to proof, thought he should have opportunity of investigating at future time, occasion requiring. Sargood, in support of proof, assented. Patrick, builder, Westminster-road, presented proof for 2,000*l.* odd, work done in reference to new theatre. Patrick had no claim upon New Theatre Company. Proof admitted. Carew had acted for Boucault as solicitor, since 1860, when Boucault returned from America. 22nd of May, bankrupt gave him second charge upon Hereford-house Estate. Carew knew that Boucault was then indebted to bankers, and had been sued by Atkins and Dowling in reference to new theatre. Carew was anxious to get security for total amount of claim (4,866*l.*) for balance of account, including cash and law costs. Did not know in May, 1863, that bankrupt was in difficulties. Lawrence, for bankrupt, said even supposing Boucault absolutely insolvent in May, 1863, to knowledge of Carew, right to prove for the balance of account was not affected. Lewis objected to Carew's estimate of value of security held; it was not usual for creditor to put value on security. Registrar Roche decided, however, to allow proof for 2,500*l.*, balance remaining due after setting off supposed value of security; and Commissioner Holroyd confirmed opinion. Choice of assignees ultimately devolved upon Dear and Lawes, petitioning creditors, Gibbons (Harding and Co.) being appointed manager of estate. No application for allowance made by Mr. Boucault. Should creditors co-operate with bankrupt, payment in full of claims might eventually be obtained.

NEWGATE.—Newgate was the fifth chief entrance in the City wall, and was so called, being "latelier built than the rest." It stood against the present Newgate Street, east of Giltspur Street, and the Old Bailey. It was probably erected in the reign of Henry I., in consequence of the re-edification of old St. Paul's, by which the road from Aldgate through Cheap to Ludgate was so "crossed and stopped up, that pedestrians went about by Paternoster Row or the old Exchange to reach Ludgate." It was repaired at the expense of Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor," in 1442, again in 1630, and in 1672, after the Great Fire. On the City side were three stone figures—Justice, Mercy, and Truth; and four on Holborn-hill side—Liberty (with Whittington's cat at her feet), Peace, Plenty, and Concord. Some of these statues are placed on the south front of our modern Newgate. According to Stow, the ancient prison was only a tower or appendage to the gate, and was a place of detention for felons in the reign of King John. It afforded sufficient prison room for the City and county from that period to the age of Charles II., except, of course, that prisoners of rank were confined in the Tower of London.—*London Scenes and London People.*

#### AN IMPUISSANT ATTEMPT.

"It is matter of constant wonder to me," said Epistemon, as they sat over their toast and water at the Edinburgh Castle—for during the absence of their master, Pantagruel, their enjoyments were of the mildest—"to see how a complicated work of art affects differently the numerous artists and artisans whose labors are conjoined therein. As a not unfamiliar instance, let me cite the opera *Do'know*, which produces those nightly furores of which play-bills discourse. In it, as you probably know, the hero, Do'know, after wandering through Telemon and Phocis, Chaffo, and a very strange sphere of existence called Massiney; wandering, I say," repeated Epistemon, for Panurge began to yawn fearfully, "and finding the nothingness of all these things, selleth his soul to the devil for a perpetuity of *tremolandos*. The devil, as is his wont, gives him good measure, even *tremolandos* over and above the value of the consideration. Of the said *tremolandos* is the opera constructed. Now, Aris, one of the chief characters in the work, knows nought of the nefarious bargain; neither can he say by how many thousand francs either party has the best of it. But he chooses him out lime-lights of the best, and combining them with such material as his co-conspirator Betherly furnishes him, he puts the transaction before the public as he sees it, and a right good view it is. Again the actors in the play look at their parts but find no *tremolandos*, for the hero laments that his tremolosity is confined to the stringed instruments. Therefore these actors rejoice with the wind instruments, who share their good fortune; lament with the strings, of whose raptures they are forbidden to partake; and groan with the drums, whose purpose seems to be to keep the audience in mind of the awful bargain. This, we are assured by journals of various prices, is lyric art; but to Aris, whose dreams are of grooves, shifts, and such like implements of Thespis, the *tremolandos* are nought." "But," said Ponocrates—to whose discourse the snoring of Panurge made a *continuo* that Do'know would have rejoiced to hear—"it is expressly laid down by Sutherland Edwards that the combination of the efforts of all the artists, melodious, harmonic, scenic, and lime-lighty, is the goal to which operatic composers should strive to attain." "Precisely so," said Epistemon; "and when Do'know, Aris and Guy have presented their *tutti fortissimi*, who shall dissect and allot to each his share of the effect? If the reds and blues of Aris are pointed out, chromatic passages for bassoons will proffer themselves. If Guy, the descendant of Mammon, talks of his lavishness of expenditure, the heroine shall sing a song expressive of her love for Do'know; and if a chorus in unison protrude itself, down falls one of Aris's largest scenes on to the stage, and prevents the public mind from overlooking his claims." "This criticism sounds like carping," said Ponocrates; "it is no part of our duty to dissect the *tout ensemble*, but to found our loudest praises of the conjoined effect. But we will hang up the subject till the return of our master, whose piercing wit will doubtless allot to Guy, Aris and the others their proper share of the glory arising from the bargain of Do'know." "But," said Panurge, waking up—"Little as I have heard of your discourse, allow me one question. Is Do'know's stock of *tremolandos*, which, says the bargain, is inexhaustible, available for the manufacture of other operas on the same plan?" "It is time," said John the waiter, "to shut the house up."

T. T. J. GROKER ROORES.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM, LONDON.—Summer excursionists to the metropolis should be informed that the many and varied attractions of the famed Colosseum will be witnessed for the last time this year, the property having past into new and enterprising hands, and it being intended to pull down the present building and erect upon its site another, which shall answer all requirements for artistic and educational purposes. There are three scenic features of the Colosseum which have never been attempted elsewhere, and which, probably, could not be equalled if attempted. We allude to the stupendous dioramic works—London by day and Paris by night—and the colossal cyclorama, representing the destruction of Lisbon by earthquake in 1755. The three great triumphs of the scenic art—the first two presenting fine bird's eye views of the two chief capitals of Europe, and leaving on the mind an impression of vastness not likely to be effaced in any beholder. The view of Lisbon embraces eight miles of the river Tagus, and the attendant horrors of the earthquake form a scenic display only to be realised by such a frightful convulsion of nature as is sought to be depicted. These works possess a really historical interest, and the opportunity of seeing them ought not to be missed by any one. In addition to these standard attractions, varied entertainments—musical and otherwise—are provided for the gratification of visitors. Mr. George Buckland and Mr. David Fisher, deservedly favorites with the public, supported by an efficient orchestra, appear daily in their special characterizations; while the Swiss Cottages, the Conservatories, the Stalactite Caverns, and various Saloons, form a delightful and agreeable promenade, abounding with numerous objects of interest and amusement.

REUTLINGEN.—The Liszt Monument, of which the first stone was laid a short time since, will be inaugurated on the 6th August.

VIENNA.—After having come to an arrangement with the committee Herr Johannes Brahms has definitively accepted the post of chorus master of the Sing-akademie.

BADEN.—On the 7th inst., a grand classical concert was given here. The band from Mannheim, under the direction of Herr Lachner, performed Beethoven's Symphony in D major. Among the soloists were Madame Viardot, Madame Clara Schumann, Herr Jean Becker, and Herr Müller (double bass) from Darmstadt. The chorus sang Mozart's "Ave verum" and a Psalm by Marcello.

LYONS.—There is now in course of erection a theatre at which it is intended to give performances exclusively for children. The repertory will be composed of little pieces, of an easily intelligible moral tendency, nursery legends, instructive, scientific and optical exhibitions, and even ballets, but the latter will, of course, be of a nature adapted to the juvenile audience.

FLORENCE.—The Politeama Theatre, a most elegant edifice, was completely burnt to the ground on the 10th June by a little after ten o'clock p.m. A great ball was to have been given the previous evening in celebration of the battle of Solferino, but, shortly after the doors were opened, the fire broke out, and, despite the most strenuous exertions to extinguish it, lasted for quite 20 hours. The cause of the fire is unknown. Three lives were unfortunately lost.

HERR LAUBE has gone to Karlsbad. Referring to this fact, the *Weiner Zeitung* remarks: "The report that he thinks of giving up his post and retiring from public life appears to have entirely arisen from a too sweeping interpretation of an expression to which he gave utterance in his deep affliction, to the effect that, after the loss of his only son, he could with difficulty suppress the thought of burying himself in complete solitude, for the purpose of forgetting his woe."

DRESDEN.—On the Anniversary of the death of his Majesty Friedrich August, the Just, the Singakademie (Choral Association) gave a performance of sacred music in the Frauenkirche, which was brilliantly lighted up on the occasion. The proceeds were handed over to certain charitable institutions, under the patronage of Queen Marie. The work executed (for the second time) was *Die Aufferweckung des Lazarus* (The Raising of Lazarus), an oratorio in two parts, by Herr Johann Vogt. The work, which by the way, offers no great difficulties, went off, on the whole, in an exceedingly satisfactory manner. The choruses, supported by some admirable boys' voices, were excellent.

TRIN.—Luigi Felice Rossi, born at Brandizzo, on the 27th July, 1805, died here, on the 20th June, of a disease from which he had suffered since he was a child. He was destined by his father for the church, and pursued his ecclesiastical studies here. After his father's death, however, he obtained from his mother permission to devote himself to music. He went to Naples, where he studied under Raimondi and Zingarelli. His principal compositions are of a sacred character, but he was, also, favorably known as a writer on music. For a considerable period, he furnished the leading articles for the *Gazzetta Musicale* published by Ricordi in Milan. His loss is much regretted in Italy.

BRUNSWICK.—The preparations for the North German Vocal Festival are now completed. The hall, which has been expressly built for the occasion, presents an imposing appearance. It will contain about 3000 persons. Up to the present time 1197 singers, from other places, have announced their intention of taking part in the proceedings. The Associations which will compete for the prizes offered come from various towns in the following numbers: from Magdeburg, five; from Hanover, two (Neue Liedertafel and Männergesangsverein); from Wolfenbüttel, two; from Stettin, one; from Celle, one; from Osnabrück, one; from Brandenburg, one; from Bielefeld, two; from Cassel, one; and from Berlin, one. The number of prizes is twelve. Among them is a silver goblet, presented by his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick, and then presented by the town, of the value of 3000 thalers; and a banner from the ladies of Brunswick, of the value of three thousand thalers. In addition, presents have been forwarded from Hanover, New York, Stuttgart, Bielefeld, and Zurich, besides four more prizes given by Brunswick.

BREMEN.—The series of Historical Musical Evenings, got up by the Artists' Association, has been brought to a close for this year. In the course of the fifteen concerts, of which the series consisted, a sketch was given of the development of music from the commencement of the last century to the present day. The concerts began with Bach and Handel, the principal matter brought under notice being the development of sacred music. They then went on to deal with the first attempts at exclusively instrumental music, including the works of

Scarlatti, Clementi, and Haydn, thus coming down to the forms of art characterising the classical period. Opera and its reform by Gluck and Mozart, and the development of the sonata, the quartet, and the symphony, occupied a considerable time in connection with the above epoch, but most of the evenings were devoted to the art of the nineteenth century. After instrumental music, as represented by Beethoven, had been fully discussed, attention was directed to romantic opera, with Weber, Spohr, and Marschner, and then to the "Lied" or song, with Schubert and Schumann, Mendelssohn being brought forward at the conclusion as a reformer and restorer of the classical forms. To this composer was devoted the fifteenth and last evening, the programme for which consisted of songs by him, airs from *St. Paul*, the Piano-quartet in B minor (Op. 3), and the Stringed-Quartet in B flat major (Op. 87). It is intended to give, next winter, a series of concerts of which compositions of the present day shall constitute the principal feature. The course will include works by Franz Liszt, Ferdinand Hiller, Niels Gade, Julius Rietz, Wilhelm Taubert, Carl Rheinthal, Robert Franz, Carl Reinecke, Anton Rubinstein, Albert Dietrich, Franz Lachner, and Richard Wagner.

MIDLE. MATHILDA ENEQUIST'S MATINEE.—This very agreeable entertainment took place at Collard's pianoforte Rooms, in presence of a fashionable company. Mademoiselle Enequist, a Swede by birth, has appeared at several concerts during this season, and among others at that of Mr. Benedict, where her performance of some of the national songs of her country was greatly and justly admired. Her manner of giving these pretty characteristic ballads charms alike by its unaffectedness and by the strong musical feeling it exhibits. It was natural that she should introduce some specimens of them at her own concert; and the two selected for the occasion—"Gottland visa" and "Polka från Dalarna"—were among the most racy and attractive. So heartily did Mademoiselle Enequist enter into their spirit, and so well did she sing them, that the audience, pleased beyond measure, would not desist from applauding until she consented to give another. But this young lady's talent is not confined to national airs. She is a thorough mistress both of the Italian and the French styles, as was proved in a *cavatina* from *La Traviata*, a serenade by M. Gounod, and the "Air du Rossignol" from M. Massé's *Noces de Jeannette*. In the last—a remarkably brilliant display—Middle. Enequist showed as complete a command of difficulties as in the Serenade she showed taste and expression. Her voice is a *soprano* of great flexibility and sweet quality, the upper tones being singularly bright and clear. M. De Vroye, a French performer on the flute, took part in M. Gounod's serenade (which is written for voice, flute and piano), besides playing a solo on the *Carnaval de Venise*—in both exhibiting very distinguished ability. Why did not this clever artist represent "Philomel" in the air from *Les Noces de Jeannette*? In the opera it is a duet for voice and flute; and such tones as M. de Vroye can bring from the instrument would have enjoyed a far better chance of rivalling the liquid notes of Mademoiselle Enequist than the (in such cases) inevitably dryer sounds of the pianoforte. There were other singers. Miss Eleonora Wilkinson introduced a pleasing ballad by Herr W. Ganz ("Sing, Birdie, Sing"); Mr. Allan Irving a ballad from Miss Gabriel's *Dreamland* ("Dreams of those that love me"); and Herr Reichardt two new ballads of his own—"Liebesbitte" and "Cradle Song"—both very graceful, and the last of which we prefer even to his "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has found so many admirers. The task of accompanying the songs, &c., was shared between the brothers Edouard and Wilhelm Ganz, the last of whom obtained unanimous applause for a brilliant performance of a galop, entitled "Qui vive?" (his own composition), preceded by Schumann's expressive "Schummerlied." Besides these the brothers Ganz joined in the grand duet of Mendelssohn and Moscheles (for two pianos) on the Gipsy's march in *Preciosa*. The concert, neither too long nor too short, afforded unqualified satisfaction.

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